

The Evening World
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MONEY AND MATRIMONY.

Either too much or too little money is destructive to matrimonial serenity. The thousands of cases of abandonment annually brought up in the police courts come almost entirely from the poor. The South Dakota and other concocted divorces are almost entirely the monopoly of the rich. Either the husband or the wife trips over the roof of all evil more than any other obstacle to conjugal bliss.

The example which the two Krupp girls are setting to German brides should be extended over the whole world. And nowhere is the lesson of sensible economy more needed than in the courtships, the weddings and the early married life of the young men and the young women of the United States.

Bertha and Barbara Krupp are the daughters of the rich German cannon-maker who owned the Krupp iron works and who left to his children an income of \$1,000 a day apiece. Instead of worrying themselves into nervous prostration over the spending of such an income the two girls have gone about their household and business affairs like ordinary German girls, and in the natural course of Cupid's excursions they engaged themselves to two well-born and rather poor German young men.

There is nothing unusual in this, but it is remarkable that the trousseau which these rich girls are preparing will not cost over \$250 apiece. Thousands of American girls spend that much on their wedding dresses in which they will appear only once and keep as a costly relic afterward.

Twenty times this modest sum would be regarded as economical by any fashionable New York bride.

In matrimony above almost anything else everything depends on the start. Initial errors take years to correct. Misunderstandings at the beginning are rarely adjusted without anguish. To start on a sensible and honest basis saves the anxiety and bickerings which mutual deception always causes.

This is not a lecture to young women. Men make false pretenses as often as women. The young man who frankly tells his intended bride how much money he earns and how much he has and on what scale they can live is more uncommon than the girl who tells her fiance that she does not know how to cook, and that she is not trained at conducting an economical household.



Economy does not mean the same thing to the rich, the well-to-do and the poor. But it is a virtue that no one, rich or poor, can afford to neglect. The wife whose expenditures are disproportionate to the household income finds a fitting companion in the husband who himself lives in a state of false pretense.

The foundation of all successful marriages must be love, honor and respect. But no foundation, however ample or secure, is enough to live in. There must be a superstructure and a roof, furniture and food. These are all business matters, and they must be treated in a business way, with business economy and business prudence. Love sheltered on each side by economy, guarded from contact with either extravagance or want, is much more likely to continue happily.

INDUSTRY'S DEAD AND WOUNDED.

In India in 1904 there were 21,880 people killed by snakes, 796 by tigers and 399 by leopards.

Figures something like these have been printed year after year for a very long time. The killings began so long before the reports that no one can know when.

The snakes that kill do not wait for victims to come to them in the roads and paths. They creep into houses and hide under sleeping mats and in dim corners. To persons not interested in upholding the British occupation they present phases of discomfort which it would be easy to fudge with discouragement as affecting the simple life in India.

Snakes as a body of menace do not show up large in our own land. It seems that if perils are deemed necessary to give existence an edge, civilization can readily breed its own. Or if it does not breed them it can let them thrive—as they will—on neglect.

Facts just given out indicate that in 1900, among 7,085,992 persons engaged in a certain group of American industries, 344,147 suffered through accidents worthy of record. Many were killed, more were maimed. Railway employees are not included in the reckoning; they had a list of 94,000 casualties of their own.

The report here quoted deals with only a quarter of the persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States in 1900. If the 22,000,000 not included were no more than a tenth as unfortunate as those reported upon, the list of accidents would be increased by over 100,000.

The snakes of India have a population approximating 300,000,000 upon which to work by stealth and sting. They get one person in a little less than 14,000. Accidents reached one American worker in 20.59 among the 7,085,992 of the statistics above.

A French writer has said that in the whole industrial world 100,000 persons are killed every year. Evidently the United States furnishes a liberal quota to the roll of the dead who die at their labor.

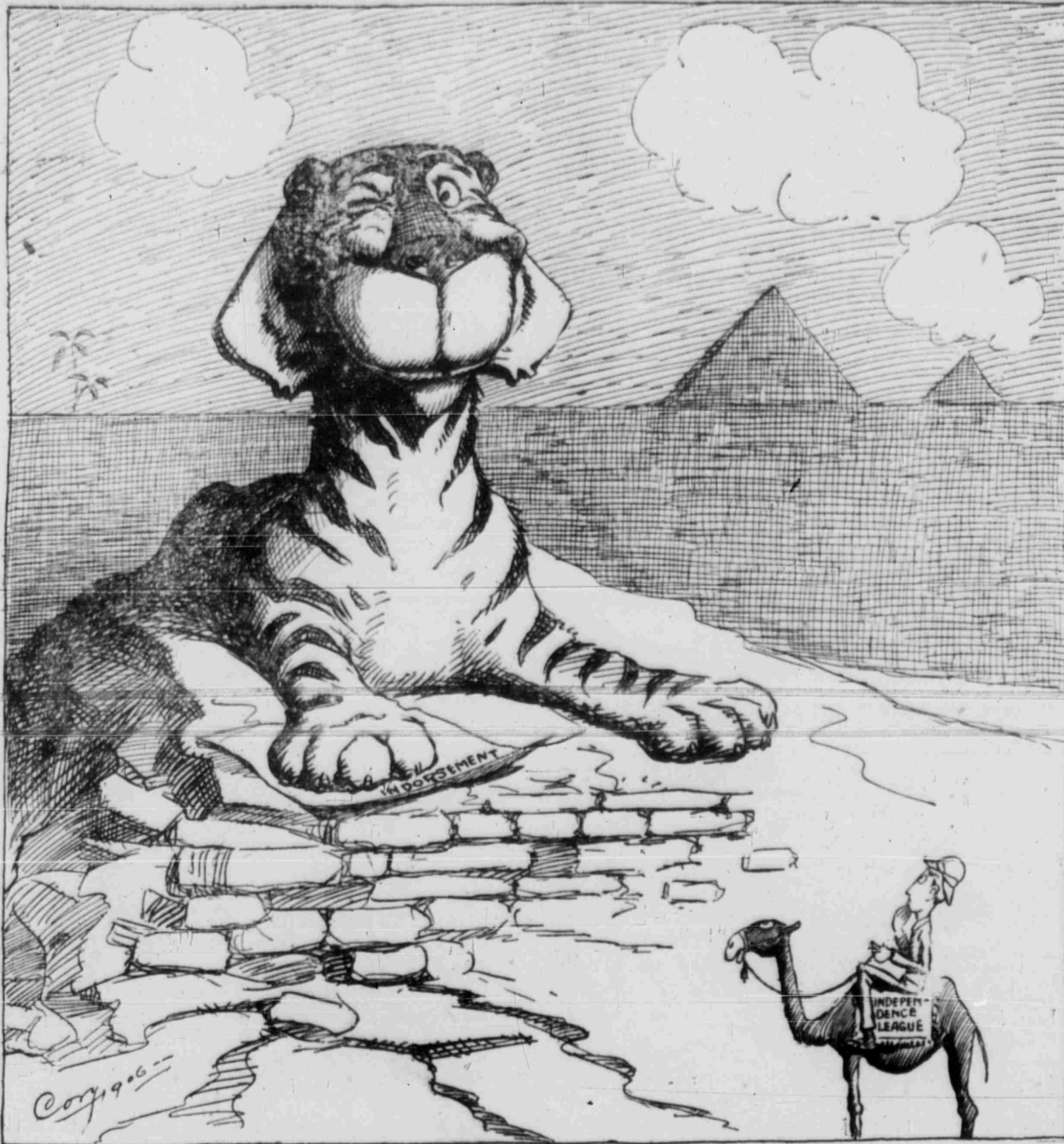
Most of this slaughter, the lists of which we help to swell, is needless. It comes in small part from the recklessness of workers; in the main from the failure of employers to install safety devices. Running gear can be protected, machine blades can be sheathed, dust-filled air can be filtered—the workshop anywhere can be brought up to that level of modern hygiene on which, in general outside fields, the death-rate is being constantly reduced. Why are these humane possibilities almost wholly slighted?

In India they try at least to get away with the snakes. There is a standing bounty to encourage their destruction, and in 1904 there were 65,146 of them killed.

Perhaps American public opinion would be shocked into forcing action to reduce industrial slaughter if, as a Social Science writer suggests, all accidents could be stopped for six months and a quarter of a million could then be precipitated on one day. We are dulled in our perceptions by witnessing disaster in daily dribbles instead of in the awful mass.

The Sphinx.

By J. Campbell Cory.



THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A Short, Snappy Sermon to the Parson Who Mixes Face Powder with Soul Dust.



MY DEAR REV. JOHN L. SCUDDER—We have known you for a long time as the athletic parson, and owing to your initials, which implied a certain predestination, did not mind your John L. tendencies a bit. If you chose to hand the devil an uppercut or deal the forces of evil a left swing I regarded it as your affair.

But you have taken it upon yourself this week to address us, the fair sex, how to become more fair. We should, you tell us, be made to drop cosmetics for a good reason, to "obtain the beauty of complexion that we are born with."

My dear Mr. Scudder, you're a soul specialist, not a beauty specialist. Why don't you run your church and let us run our complexions? They don't run, by the way, except in very warm weather.

Suppose some little primrose beauty in your church were to call on you and offer some helpful suggestions as to the text and construction of your sermons; would she be any more foolish than you are in dealing on beauty hints?

Our souls don't receive the perspiration cure any more since the higher critics assure us that Hell, like Boston, is not a place, but a state of mind.

After all, it is your business to steam our souls. We can steam our own skins, you know. Why don't you confine your ministry to painting the duty of an upright life and let who will paint her complexion if she be so foolish? Why not give us the Golden Rule and leave the peroxide Juno to her golden hair? Our souls are yours! But we reserve the right to choose our own beauty doctor. And we don't choose you.

Only the strenuous woman is beautiful, you say. But the preacher strenuous to high endeavor to uplift his fellow-men should have no time to compete with Mlle. Matthe, Mme. Emeralda or the other high priestesses of manicuring, massage and other beautifying processes that part us from our hard-earned money. Tell us how to put muscles on our souls, Mr. Scudder, to build up our weak purpose, strengthen our waning ideals. That is your business: We can manage our complexions ourselves.

A Land of No Fashions.

BOTH men and women in Lapland dress precisely alike. They wear tunics belted loosely at the waist, tight breeches, wrinkled leather stockings and pointed shoes. Their whole appearance, in short, is identical, at least to the casual observer.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Dramatic School or Stage.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where could I learn to become an actor? And could I learn it in some dramatic school?

W. A.

Big Eel in Water Pipe.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

An eel measuring 30 inches long and 1 1/2 inches thick and weighing two pounds was taken out of the city water pipes of the Salvo Bros. Brewing Company, Nos. 294-300 Cherry street, by Chief Engineer, R. Koppe. As the water stopped suddenly Saturday morning the pipes and valves were inspected and the above-mentioned eel was found in the automatic valve, stopping the supply for the brewery.

S. P. C.

Inquire Harlem Branch, V. W. C. A.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have a daughter of eighteen years and I am very anxious to have her join a respectable social club. I would be very thankful to you if you could tell me of one in Harlem or inform me where I can get information, as we live in Harlem on the west side.

H. H. H.

A Belated Phonetic Rap.

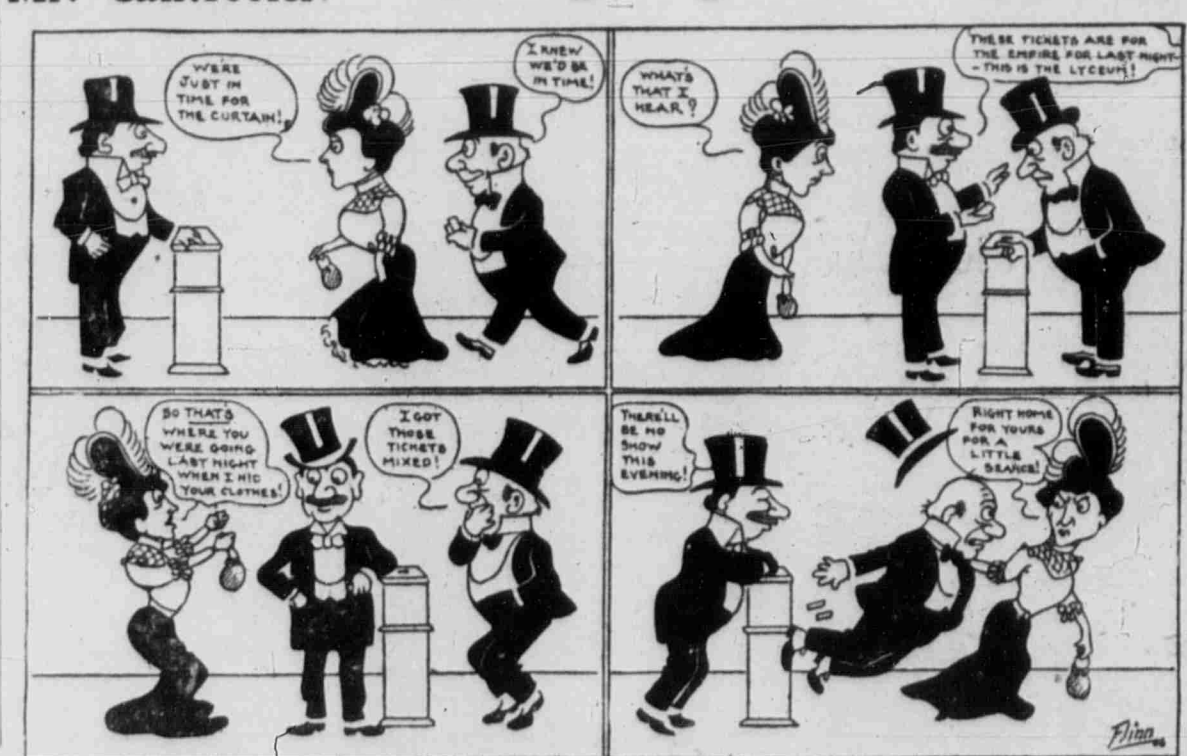
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why don't they call it "Bough Rider Spelling?"

F. H. SEYMOUR.

Lockport, N. Y.

Mr. Cantfooler.



By E. F. Flinn.

PERCY THE FLIRT; He Tells About It.

By Ruth Earle.



I READ the other day that lots of women went through life without a single offer of marriage.

That didn't look good to me. It seemed all wrong for a woman not to have a hundred chances to marry—no matter how she was on looks.

"So I made up my mind to do a little missionary work among the unfortunates, just to cheer them up, you know. And I swore a solemn oath: 'No need for any Leap Year proposals from homely girls while you're around, old chap!'"

"Then I went into a drug store to buy some postage stamps, and the opportunity for me to execute my good intention immediately presented itself. The opportunity being that when there's a girl in it I always seize it."

"This one was in the cashier's cage labelled 'Sub Postage Station' and she was as plain as a girl's cone."

"But I remembered my oath and how sorry I was for homely girls, and I

looked for twenty-two, three-fives, two postal cards, a special delivery and a package of stamped envelopes, and gave her my last ten-spot in payment.

While she was trying to make change I wanted to make for the door, but the thought of her sitting there all day behind the bars, with no Prince Charming like me to talk with, woke my pity.

"Don't you get lonely sitting here all day? I asked with sort of a tender infection.

"Ah, I don't know," she said, and I detected a certain wistfulness.

"Don't you often feel the emptiness of life? I went on. 'Don't you realize the need of love? Don't you want to fill some man's heart?'"

"She didn't say anything, just looked awfully frightened and dropped her eyes. So I braced myself for the ordeal.

"I know the moment I came in this shop that I loved you," said I. "Will you marry me?"

"I could not hear her answer. A rude hand gripped my collar and I distinctly recall landing in the street with the words, 'unwilling cad.'"

"It seems she was engaged to the soda-fountain clerk."

"And that shows what comes of believing other people's theories."

The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 30—GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS; and the Thirty Years' War.

A CONFLICT that involved nine nations, lasted for three decades, killed a king, wrecked an emperor to death, put a total check on all German progress and industry, and bred more barbarous cruelty than any event in many centuries—such, in a nutshell, was the famous "Thirty Years' War." Like most horrors of its sort and time, it had its origin in religious disputes, and endured from 1618 to 1648.

The war had its beginning between the Protestant states of Northern Germany and the Catholics of South Germany and Austria. With a few years it had extended until it included, on one side, Austria, Spain, South Germany and France, and the Protestant countries of Europe on the other. In 1618 Bohemia threw off imperial authority. The North German States had formed a union, and this union took Bohemia's part. Together they drove the Imperial troops from Bohemia and invaded Austria up to the very gates of Vienna. There famine and bad weather forced them to halt and turn back.

The king of Bohemia became Emperor of Germany under the title of Ferdinand II. The Bohemians hated him and asked the Elector Frederick V, to rule them. Frederick was already head of the Union and was son-in-law of James I, of England. Ferdinand made short work of his pretensions, for he utterly routed him at Wissemburg, Nov. 8, 1620, and at the same time crushed out of Protestants in Bohemia.

But the Union quickly recovered. With money donated by England, an army from Holland, and with King Christian IV, of Denmark, for ally, they again took the field. But the Imperial General, Wallenstein, beat them at Dessau, in 1626; while his associate, Gen. Tilly, overcame him at Christian and drove him back to his own territory.

Wallenstein continued his conquests, annexing the land of Denmark's Mecklenburg allies, and sweeping on to the Baltic. There the coast towns held out bravely against him, and he was superseded by Tilly. The latter besieged Magdeburg, capital of Saxony, and, after seven months' fighting, took it. The next morning butchery followed the capture of the city. Out of its 30,000 inhabitants Tilly's slaughtered 10,000 men, women and children and sent the whole place to the ground. Affairs were then at their blackest for the Protestants, when a new element was introduced into the war.

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, had won for himself the title "The Lion of the North." He had raised Sweden to a great power and had revolutionized her warfare. He had successfully invaded Poland, Poland and Moscow, and had a name as a terror to Sweden's foes. Now he came in his own right, and, with the avowed purpose of protecting Protestantism in Germany, landed a Swedish army on the Danubian coast June 24, 1630. He was not wholly disinterested in this invasion. He also desired to impose Austria's growing power and to establish Swedish territory on the Baltic coast.

In his plan to crush Austria he was secretly aided by France.

No sooner had Gustavus Adolphus landed than he began to make his conquests. He defeated the Imperial army near Leipzig, Oct. 3, 1630, and advanced on the lower Palatinate and the Rhine towns. Tilly again overcame him in 1631, near the River Lech. The "Lion of the North" defeated and killed him and advanced on Munich, Wallenstein, who was a capable general, followed him. Wallenstein followed him. The armies met at Lutzen, Nov. 6, 1631, in a great battle. The Swedes won a decisive victory, but at fearful cost, for the gallant Gustavus Adolphus was killed.

Yet the death of this empire-changing general and king had the effect of making him, instead of disheartening his troops, hot for vengeance. The Swedes swept onward, driving the Austrians themselves to the Rhine. They said war was all Bavaria. Wallenstein was assassinated, but the Emperor sent an army against the Swedes, leading them at Nordlingen, Sept. 6, 1634. After this setback, the German Union was quickly ready for peace, but the Swedes would not hear of such a thing. They felt their slain king was not yet avenged. They devastated Saxony and Thuringia, defeated a German army at Breitenfeld, then threatened Copenhagen of Denmark, who had gone over to the Emperor's side. They followed up these successes by winning victories over two more Imperial armies.

France and England had by this time been drawn into the war as Sweden's allies, and Saxony and the other more successful invaders. The allies swept all before them. Ferdinand II was dead and his successor was only too eager to make terms of peace with all conquering invaders.

So, in 1648, ended the Thirty Years' War, and the sorely distressed German states rested, exhausted and impoverished, from their long struggle. Perhaps never before in history was a war so calamitous in its effects on humanity as large as, on any one nation in particular. The pain people were the chief sufferers. Progress, literature, art, industry—civilization itself—were set back through out all Germany. Barren, heavy taxes, stripes of every refuting and bitter inhumanity, devastation of entire provinces and wholesale slaughter of helpless non-combatants had been the chief features of the struggle. Many decades were to elapse before Germany should recover her lost ground and regain her rightful place among the nations.

And all this needless warfare—like many another sixteenth and seventeenth century atrocity—was waged in the holy name of Religion!

The Magdeburg Massacre and the "Lion of the North."

How the Swedes Avenged Their Monarch's Death.

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